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Rock Called Earth



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Chapter 1 by Faramarz Wankadia

Deep within me, I stare upon the polluted sky looking for hidden stars as patches of smog weave through the thick air above us. Not the same as before its still a mystery, When and how did we ever chose this rock.

Always wondered if we are alone, always wondered if our mental ability to grow is hindered by an erased memory of the fact 'yes we are alone' or is it just a useless endeavour where we fill our minds just so we don't remember why we are kept in the shadows of dimensions and the reality which is yet not ours to envision.

As primitive as I feel looking above

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